

many mirrors

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She stared at her worst fear every morning in the mirror. au!ragyo

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a Ragyo Kiryuin fanfiction

The sun was not yet out, but she was awake to welcome the new day before her.

Her husband had left early again; she couldn't blame him. Her daughters are still fast asleep, dreaming of whatever their beautiful minds could dream of to comfort them or terrify them. Yet here was she, very much unlike her husband or her daughters, staring at her worst fear as she touched the cold mirror with trembling, slender fingers.

Beautiful.

Ragyo was beautiful.

To keep up appearances was her job. To wear beautifully tailored clothes was a privilege. To smile and care for others was her true nature, but was it? Did she feel content? Did she feel true to herself? When she smiled, did she mean it? When she was concerned, was she concerned for another, or herself?

In the dim room, she took her foundation.

Her eyes never left the mirror, her hand never ceased applying makeup to her face and her mouth stayed shut. A deathly pallor she was in the mornings! She was like a statue, beautifying herself silently as she placed the foundation down on the vanity, proceeding to take others.

Powders. Eye pencils. Eye shadow. Lipstick. Mascara.

A beautiful woman is the basis of a beautiful mother. She had the urge to claw her nails at the mirror, to scream as its sharp, merciless shards would fall on the vanity table, cutting her fingers as they drew blood. Then she would have many mirrors, many miniature mirrors to look at, to see a million faces of herself.

A million ***monsters***.

She was nothing but thread. Thread, thread, thread. Glowing red threads that her company was fighting against. What she was fighting against was *herself*, and here she was, putting on her makeup to face another day shamelessly.

{ She wanted to see blood, to hear screams, to speak profanities and mockeries, but she kept telling herself to love,

love,

and love. }

love thy enemy as thou love thyself.

She was almost done. Almost...

... done.

The woman dropped her lipstick, then clutched at the mirror frame and cried.

A/N: A slight AU take on Ragyo, written on a whim.

-Densetsu-no-Maguro.